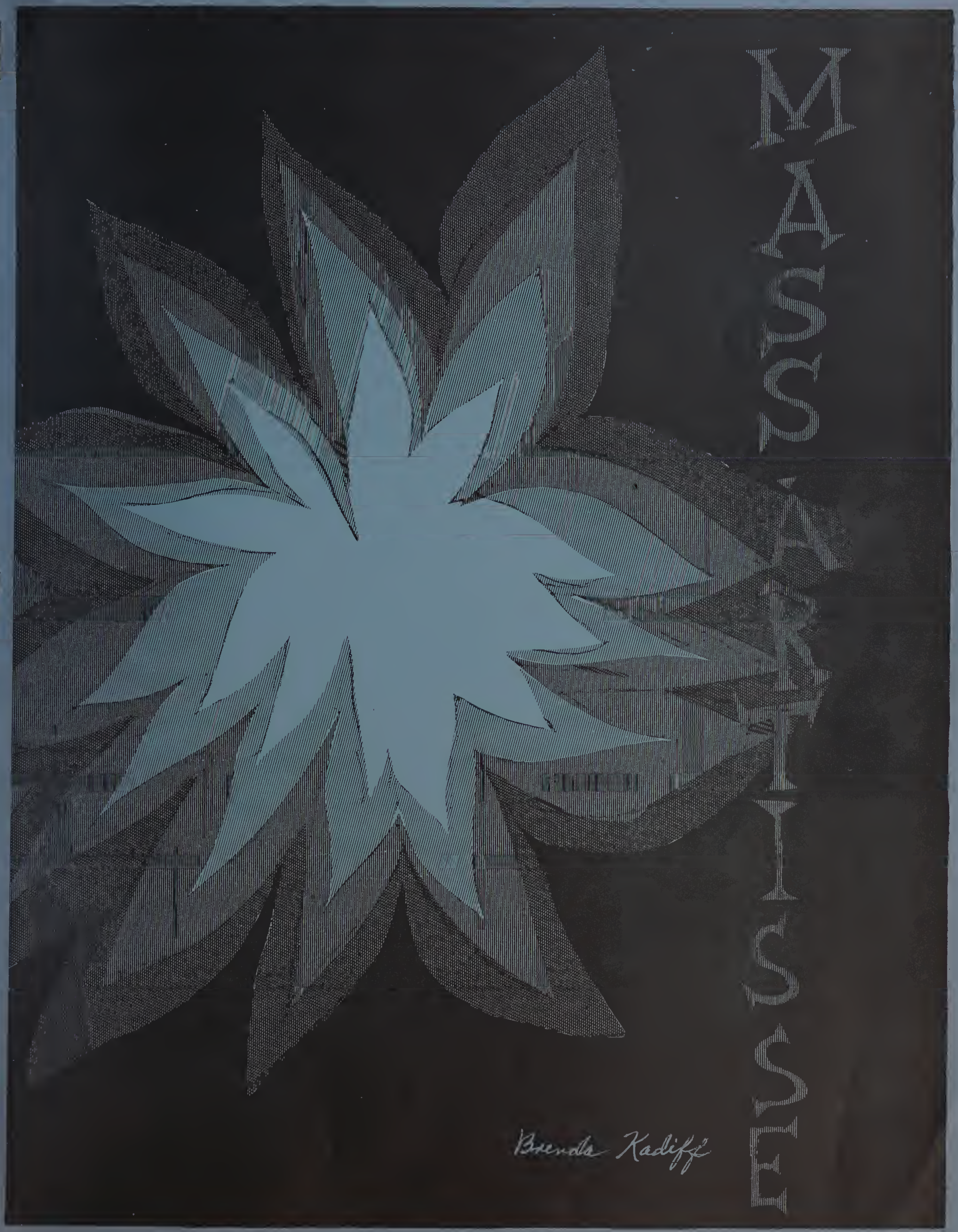

MAPLE
LEAF
Brenda Kadiff

NEUMAN AT SWETZOFF

by Vaino Kola

It is not a simple matter to write an article on contemporary art, nevertheless an attempt should be made. My intention is not to criticize but merely to offer my own opinions ; some confused, some quite definate about Mr. Neuman's recent exhibit in a downtown gallery.

Before I saw the exhibit, I remembered last spring's showing of the West Coast artists at the Institute of Contemporary Art. Mr. Neuman is a member of this group. I entered the gallery and saw Mr, Neuman's work. I quickly forgot the West Coast exhibit. These paintings were something very different from any I had ever seen. So new a concept that I could not form an opinion about them.

I have seen paintings by Japanese artists using the same principle of negative, unpainted area, however, their works were always realistic. Mr. Neuman's paintings were nonobjective. I found it difficult to understand why he had not covered the entire surface of the canvas. I tried to look for color and form but saw neither of which I understood. There were thin washes, heavily painted and textured areas all in the same canvas.

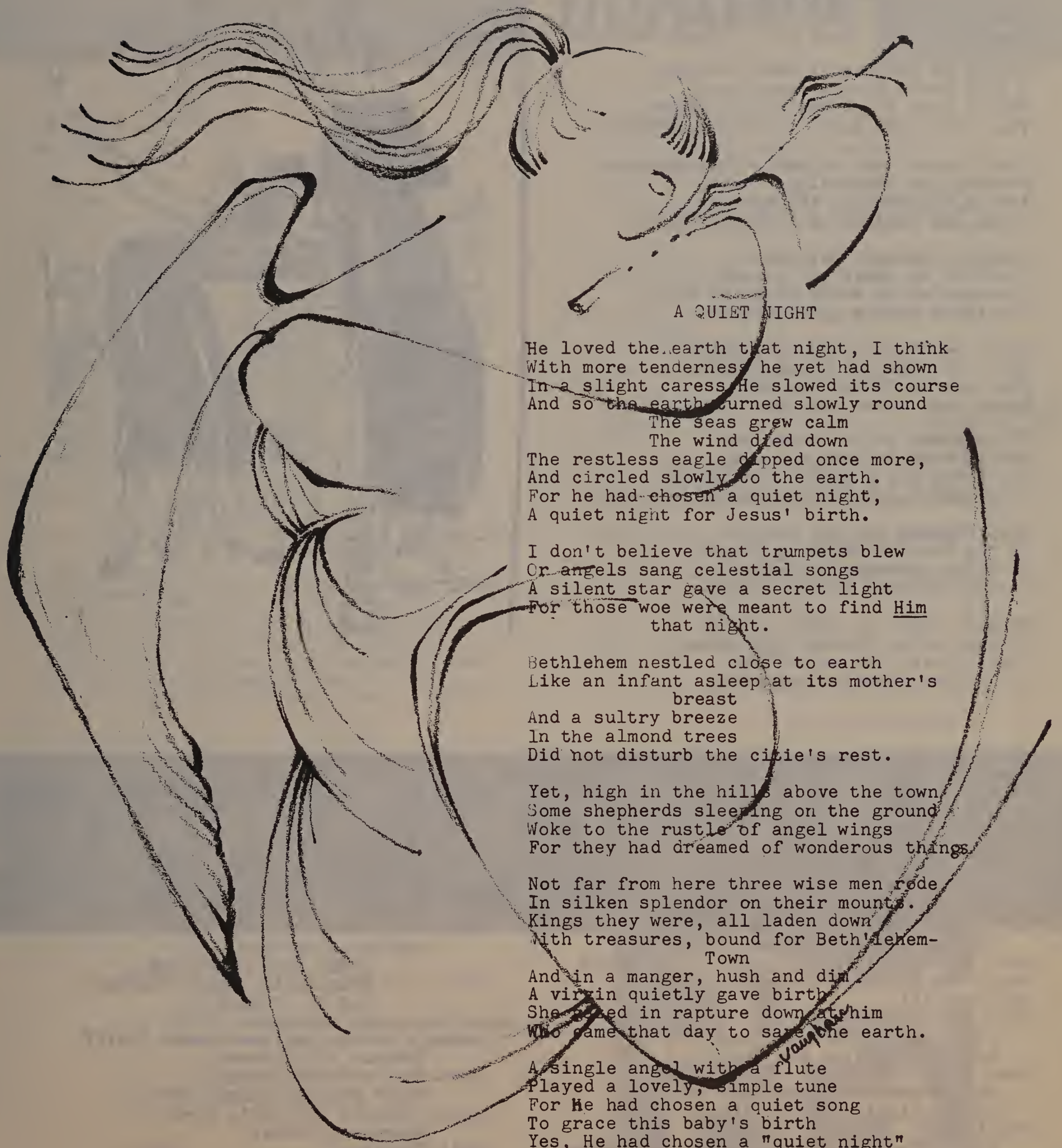
I was impressed with the size of the canvas and his bold appraoch. I had read about Mr. Neuman's impressive background; after seeing his work, and I felt ignorent at not being able to understand it.

Upon Mr. Neuman's invitation, I was able to see work from his student days up to the present time. His earlv work. verv realistic, showed a background of away-from-realism into semi abstract action. I saw some of this group, mostly figures, and was very impressed by them. They were interesting in texture and paint quality. At this time he was working in many media and surfaces, using gesso, sand, enamels, etc. Experimenting in this manner, he arrived at his present style.

I also saw a collection of photographs taken in Spain. They were mostly of walls and building fronts. Definate abstractions could be seen in these photographs. A simple thing, like a crack in a wall with other familiar things, formed beautiful designs. I have tried to observe nearly everything, but looking at walls has never occured to me.

All this helped me to understand what Mr. Neuman was trying to explain. I was finally able to look at Mr. Neuman's work with some understanding. Form now emerged more clearly. I was able to see clearly why I liked certain shapes and why I disliked others. It became refreshing for the eye to look at an unpainted surface on the canvas.

At the present, Mr, Neuman explained, he is working with browns and greys, and other subtle colors, breaking away from his customary. blacks. He is also working towards a linear quality instead of large blocky shapes. Sometimes he has as many as twenty paintings evolving. Rather amazing!



A QUIET NIGHT

He loved the earth that night, I think
With more tenderness he yet had shown
In a slight caress He slowed its course
And so the earth turned slowly round
The seas grew calm
The wind died down
The restless eagle dipped once more,
And circled slowly to the earth.
For he had chosen a quiet night,
A quiet night for Jesus' birth.

I don't believe that trumpets blew
Or angels sang celestial songs
A silent star gave a secret light
For those woe were meant to find Him
that night.

Bethlehem nestled close to earth
Like an infant asleep at its mother's
breast
And a sultry breeze
In the almond trees
Did not disturb the cittie's rest.

Yet, high in the hills above the town,
Some shepherds sleeping on the ground
Woke to the rustle of angel wings
For they had dreamed of wonderous things.

Not far from here three wise men rode
In silken splendor on their mounts.
Kings they were, all laden down
With treasures, bound for Beth'lehem-
Town
And in a manger, hush and dim
A virgin quietly gave birth
She looked in rapture down at him
Who came that day to save the earth.

A single angel with a flute
Played a lovely, simple tune
For He had chosen a quiet song
To grace this baby's birth
Yes, He had chosen a "quiet night"
To bring His Son to earth.

Ann P. Vaughn

DESIGNING WOMEN

by Ruth Cohen

Direst thoughts and enmities
What ails my extremities?
A mannekin in passive submission
Target of pins aimed with fervent ambition

Though my pattern is most finished
I find blood supply diminished,
Skin's been punctured to the extent
That I've been sewn: not the garment!

First class, gay we were, all innocence;
Knowing not proceedings hence,
Sewing slopers for the bodice.
Light the head of each young novice.

Knowing not what lay ahead
Pluckily we chose our thread,
A weapon which would show the world
Fashion's modern age unfurled.

On we sewed resigned compulsion;
Work not done oft means expulsion,
What are we without an art?
Souls and selves soon torn apart.

Three weeks melted into four
And we were relaxed no more,
Now there was a goal's attainment
Fever pitch forbade restrainment.

Pacification can not linger
To the tune of whirring Singer,
Taunting unmechanical mated:
Fitting dresses between dates.

In due course we shall provide
Designs to be viewed with pride,
Undiscovered and unflaunted
Our efforts remain undaunted.

masquerade ball

The Masquerade Ball was "IT". The most indiscribable and unparalleled dance Mass, Art has held in years. Need we say more!!!!....

Most Artistic
Joyce Vernan--Green Space Girl
Nan Gray--Silver Sea Sprite

Most original
Bev Spencer--Sun Goddess
Norman Rizzi--Traffic Signal

Funniest
Ronnie Previor and date--Two old ladies

Best couple--Carl Zidel and date

DANCE CONTEST WINNERS

ChaCha Judi Sweeney and Dennis Sullivan
Walts Carol Armen and Pat Trani
Charleston Jackie Perry and Bob Albertti

Honorable mention:
Eddie Cunningham and Nita Holtz; Maggi Fleming and Mr. Covert

Other Honorable Mentions
Beverly Brody, Sue and Brenda Kadiff
Bouquet of flowers
Jane Pero and Lou Lucas
Peter Pan and peanut butter
Carol Connell and Eddie Dowd
Mouse and cheese
Gail Tassinari
Old fashion girl
Calypso Wedding Party
Wilcox twins and dates
Chain gang

The theme of decorations consisted of black and white squares and diamonds composed by a very scrupulous S.A. committee.

NONSENSE

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

by Joe Neglected

You rush all the way to the cafeteria at breaktime and find it's been moved to the smoker,
You spend hours primping in the morning and someone asks you if you're not feeling well,
After years of saving, you save enough money for that trip to FOGGY London and they add on our new smoker,
You finally catch that yellow butterfly and it's attached to someone's head,
You spend a whole night studying for tomorrow's exam. Tomorrow is a holiday,
You finally get courage to ask the girl to dance and it's intermission,
You do an original painting and some old master copies it,
You've been trying all your life to shave and you find out you're a girl,
On the way to the hairdresser's your hair falls out,
You save all your money for your first beer and Doyle's won't serve you,
You dreamed you were a dog and they took all the fire hydraunts away,
You were the poor fool who acted like a goose and got human bumps.
Is that what's bothering you, FRIEND?

WANT ADS

Sealy posturpedic mattress for bed-bug with bad back.

Civic-minded people to put diapers on the pigeons in the Boston Commcn.

Girl with one tooth to puncture holes in doughnuts.

Cuckoo man to clean out clocks at jewelers.

New or used harem.

Modern artist desires model with abstract shape.

New junk for new dump.

Skinny horse for knock-kneed cowboys.

Hot spook to haunt blast furnace.

Dog food for disillusioned canary.

Chinese tea for bag.

Pet milk for dog.

Position with rapidly growing field

.....Joe Scarecrow

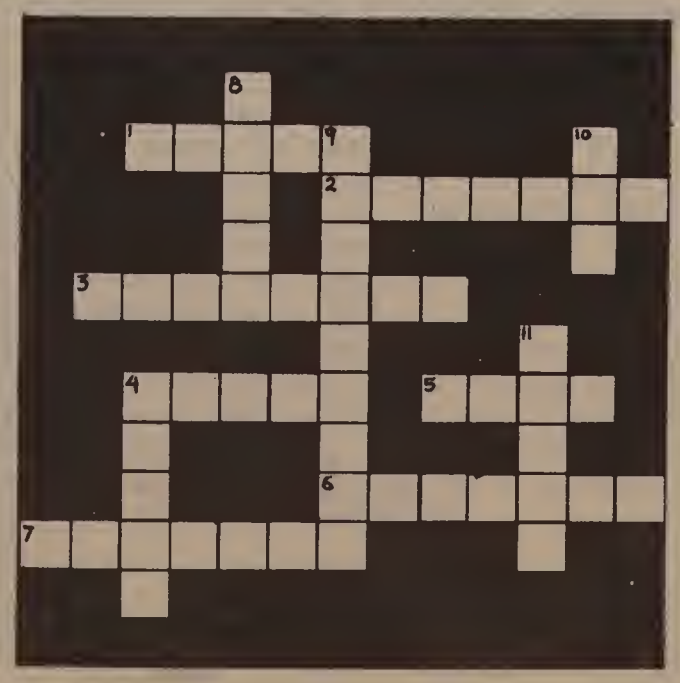
TRY ME

ACROSS

1. City connected with Impressionists.
2. Outline of a shape
3. Painted "Arrangement in Black and Grey"
4. Concerned with light
5. Designed St. Paul's Cathedral, London
6. Meaning Of Renaissance
7. Dramatic painting style

DOWN

8. Van Gogh painted here
9. An art of volumn and space
10. Another word for color
11. Paintingof everyday life
4. Contemporary English sculptor



LADIES ONLY
longer and longer
sweaters in halves
black ties

For girls who like to go to extremes, there now is a 67 inch long wool-knit stocking cap. The tail can be left flying or wrapped around the neck as a scarf.

A thoughtful firm makes a line of pistols in pastel colors expressly for women.

Half and half--new cashmere sweaters button up the front and back, let you switch halves to form different color combinations. Ideal for stretching a college wardrobe.

New product---press on plastic "nail polish" reported to last ten days.

News in time--built-in buzz for pill takers who suffer from forgetfulness. Built in alarm buzzes at present time to remind you to take another pill.

Modern watch for the romantic male, tells him whether the moon will be full, half or a poor quarter.

Black tie--Updated dinner jackets are distinguished by such dressy details as satin--edged cuffs and pockets; collar, bow tie, studs and cummerbund, all of black velvet.

Fake furs lead a plush life. Women may crave the real thing, but many will be wearing, less costly, hard to detect fakes. This year, new imitations range from sporty pony and hair seal to snooty chinchilla.

by Ruth Romanow

CLOTHES CONSCIOUS???

by Hope Fay

We are in art school because we feel that there is some aspect of creativity in which we desire to improve, excell and possibly find our life's work. As art students our creative energies are radiated to every facet of our lives, including our dress and conduct.

At this writing severe criticism is being heaped upon the student body. This criticism is justly deserved. We are being called unkempt and it's true.

We all try to justify our egos in some way. Many of us have embraced zany concepts that dated our souls at one time or aother. I can vividly remember parading about school wearing a pair of fuscia velvet slacks. I looked like the flapping banner on the Shell sign. This was in what I chose to call the "distant past" when I was younger and unihibited. While jauntily coming to my next class I met a man whose opinion I very much respected and whose approval I craved. Not one word. Just one icy glare. The pink trousers hang up and are long unfilled in my closet.

Many of us, through necessity wear work clothes to painting classes. We do not ask that students dress up for an oil class. On the other hand, no one with any pride is going to parade through down town Boston or the Sheraton Lounge, Yuehey's, or--yes--the neighborhood drugstore looking like a character from Grapes of Wrath.

Really, must we wear the invisible sign that says: I DO NOT CONFORM, I AM ILL ADJUSTED, I GO TO ART SCHOOL.

Everyone can buy a bar of soap and if they can't I am sure the board of health will gladly supply one.

Looking like a walking ad for a "rent a costume" shop is the most superficial and unintellectual form of attention getting I can think of.. Students show little respect for their school, and for themselves, when they dress and behave in a fashion that brings discredit to all.

The time has come to separate the sheep from the goats. The sincere students who must wear work clothes to class are not in this category, but the student who effervesces Greenwich Village is a phony.

ARE YOU A PHONY??

NIGHT SONG

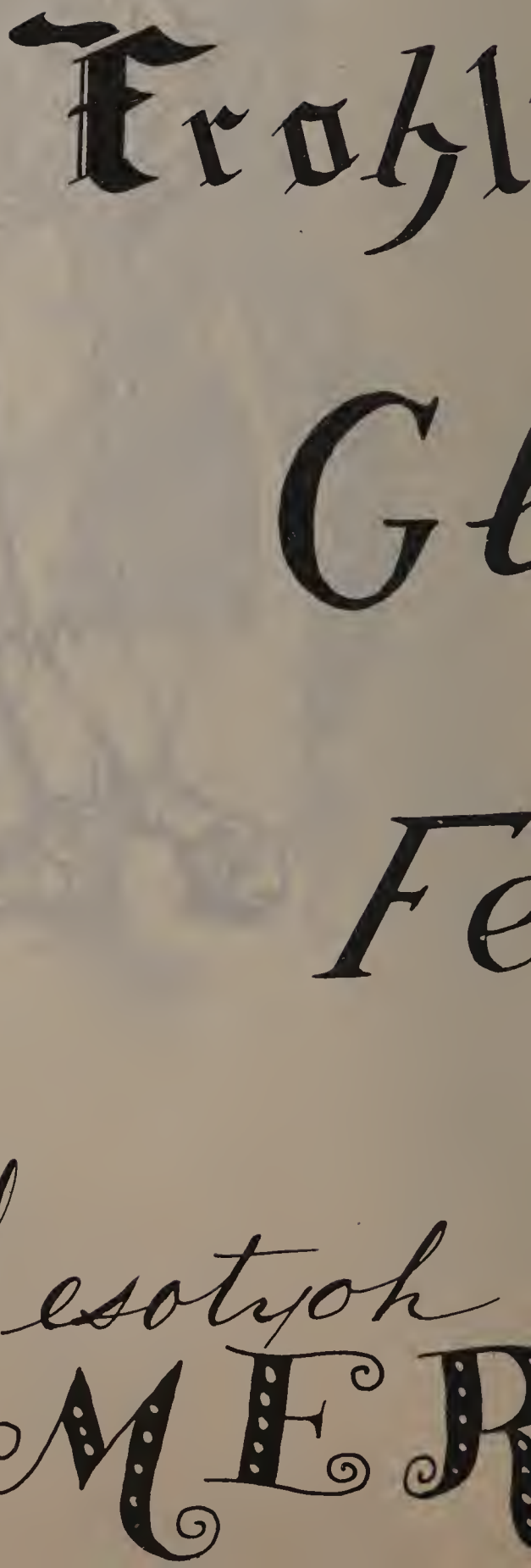
The great spirit moves abroad
Among the trees
And it stirs their leaves.
The spirit moves along the shore;
It bathes in the shimmering waves;
It moves in the heavens
In a violet gown,
All transparent,
So you can see the stars.

Robert Gilfoy

SNOWFALL

Snow is falling crisp and light
Turning, twisting, swirling, swooping,
Floating down,,so right;
Gems of frozen splendor from old
Winter's crown so bright;
Tenderly falling, falling till they
Caress the earth with white.

Ronald Prevoir



Lalig Kirstfeest

HAPPY CHANUKAH

JOYEUX NOEL

Mabaraf

be Weihnachten

delig Jul

Buon Natale

BOLDOG UNNEPEKET

ice Capo d'Anno

ZIEMAS SVĒTKI

Swiat Bozego Narodzenia

Y CHRISTMAS

MASSARTISSE

NEWS

JUNIOR NEWS

A Christmas Tale
by Joe Invisible

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house Ann Picchi watched the baby as did her spouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, they've been worn for a week and needed the air. John Holland was nestled all snug in his bed, while visions of Pat Bentley danced through his head.

With Ruth Cohen in her sloper and her mad hair-do,she is still going with Marv, no other will do. When from Ed Cunning-ham's apartment there arose such a clatter, the land lord appeared to see what was the matter. Away to the authorities he flew like a flash,,poor Eddie was thrown out right on his sidewalk.

The moon on the crest of the new fallen snow gave a luster like Crystal who was sleeping below. When what to my wondering eyes should appear but Les Longworth the father of this tiny dear, along with a dancer so lively and quick I knew it was Nita with a bottle of Moxie.

More rapid than eagles their courses they came, they are our class offices and we'll call them by name. On, Dennis, our president! Now Ralph our vice! Come Flavell our secretary! They're all pretty nice. To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, ran Pat with the money; it sure was a haul.

While back in the classrooms the courses they flew, with D.P., T.E. an fashion girls too. And then with a twinkling I heard on the roof, the prancing and pawing of our Modern dance group.

As I drew in my head and was taking a peek, down the chimney came Joe Whelan all in a heap. He was dressed Joe collegiate from head to his toes and between his teeth he carried a rose, A bundle of nerves he had flung on his back, he looked like Ruth lolipop opening her sack. His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry, his cheeks like four roses, his nose was the cherry.

Two droll joe characters said their hello, the goatees on their chins depicted Van Gogh. Burgy and Ralph with bristles so new: Will the brush hurt the Silke and the Irish stew?

Adele spoke not a word but went straight to her work, and filled Eddie's lunch bag without even a smirk. Bill Mietzner's stocking Santa filled real full, left a stereophonic tape and a fur coat too.

Now pardon this"portr ; it isn't the best; I can end it now and give you a rest. But before I go I must exclaim, "Merry Christmas to all, but you don't know my name?

SENIOR NEWS

For seniors the final lapse of the four year curriculum is well under way. Eyes are focused toward teaching, graduate school, or working "in the field", while feet are firmly planted at Mass. Art. New Ideas and new problems of learning are still with us, As to what the Seniors are doing, here's a quick run-down.

Seniors are talking about:

The wonderful work Dean Baird,, Mr. Neuman and Mr. Larter are doing in their respected fields.

The surge in school spirit, clubs, and organizations is making the school more rounded.

The appointment of Mr. Covert as Senior Class Advisor.

Louis Bortone, Class president and Ken Izzi, S.A. President. Both are doing a fine job.

The News that the 1958 ring will be the standard ring for Mass. Art. It has been announced that the Balfour Co. will cater to alumni's wishes for rings,

The return of the Yearbook.....all hoping it will be a "giant" among yearbook.

The forth coming play, presented by the Teacher Education division. All eyes are focused on Miss Lakey's return to the stage.

The return of Mr. Thompson to the design department after his accident involving a fracture of the upper arm.

Bob Alberetti, Elaine Milner, Norm Rizzi, Ken Izzi, Fred Fiandaca, Sandra Panaro, Lois Gourley all earning canvas money at Baker Studios. Some folks call it industrial design.

The scheduled demonstration and talk on "T.V. Art" by Mr. Jack DAne, art director for W.B.Z. T.V.

The monthly discussion groups for the Drawing and Painting department. Thanks to Ms. Kupferman, Mr. Neuman and Paul D'Entremont, and invited guests for the success of these get togethers.

The Senior Week-end if funds permit this activity.

Some Seniors obtaining a head start by working in the field.

Louis Bortone, Irene Kukla, Frank Nicolson, and Jerry Valenti in the design field; Jean Croatti and Janet Gilmartin in the fashion field.

Wedding bells rang this fall for:

Angela Albano, design
Bonnie Sibel, Ceramics
Joan Glazebrook,D.P.
Carol Brooks, ex D.P. now living in Argentina after a fall marriage
Blanche Campione, ex T.E. now living in Chicago

Zelmira Almeida, "Mimi, back at the fashion after presenting her husband with a little "Mimi"!

NEWS

SOPHOMORE NEWS

Several interesting events have occured since our sophomore year began. WHO'S WHO in the news??

It appears that we have a boxer in our midst. Chet Hall attended MSA four years ago as a freshman and is now back to continue his education. Chet is a welter-weight champ in ameteur boxing. His most recent bout was held in the recreational center in Brocton. We must mention that Chet is the father of a little girl and boy, aged one and two respectively.

Bill Finn will soon be a married man. The date has been set during this January.

Baker's Studio employs several art students from schools in the vicinity. Among the many is Ginny Alexander. She is doing a magnificent job we are told.

Four unclassified students in the Sophomore class are Robbie LaVigme, Chet Michalik, Marie Deraidt, and Don Webster, Robbie has attended Dinnison University and the University of New Hampshire. On the completion of summer school,,he will be able to enter MSA as a junior in the fall. Chet graduated from Vesper George. He excells in photography. Marie comes to us from Emerson and Vesper George, Don attended school here a few years ago and is back with us again.

Gail Matson spent a few days in Washington D.C. recently;what happened Gail? Judy Harney visited New York with three other art students.

Bill Cummings had all the reason in the world to be proud of his achievments. This summer he was offered a contract from the Beachcomer Card Co. in California. Bill had a T.V. showing of his studio type cards on W.G.B.H. Channel 2. Most recent is Christmas Card work for a company in Newton.

Jane Pero had on exhibition fourteen paintings at the Millbury Womens' Club. Last November 7th she showed four paintings in the Westboro Town Hall. The show was sponsored by the local Craftsmen of Westboro.

Maggi Fleming danced her way to the stars at the Military Ball at O C.S. in Newport, R.I. Nancy Gray won first place in the Shopper's World Modelette Contest.

The prize is a scholarship to the Academy Moderne.

*****DUES $2.00*****

Freshman News

Now circulating in the freshman class: The Catcher in the Rye, Please, Don't Eat the Daisies!, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, The Unstrung Harp or Mr. Earbrass Writes a Novel, and an interest in Existentialism. (Peyton Place is circulating under the table.....Mass Art hasn't erased all of our inhibitions yet!)

Jo's got a darn good excuse for late stuff....not everyone has a three year old son to distroy lettering assignments!

Burns is a self-sacrificing artist, he isn't eating for three weeks so he can see Auntie Mame---Phil and Pat are going too but they've got money.

Dorothy'll sell that raccoon coat yet! The mid-semester class average of Freshman 1 is H---Hopeless. Some can't sit up straight in a theatre. (First row.)

Result of Election: Division representative--Dick Chase.; Beth Crowell, Assistant. Anyone seen Alan? Naturally it's the Wright time for him to be kneeling in the corner, head bowed, facing Talisman West.

Helen Bernsteim and friends have just had their grand opening of the European Coffee House and Gallery, across the street from the Kenmore Theatre in Kenmore Sq.

Connie Mah Sing and Betty Thompson have been chosen for the advanced group in modern dancing. Liz Wallace is saving her pennies to buy a pony. Bill Weed, the hypnotist of Mass Art, welcomes any volunteers. Joan Marcello was the guest of a midshipman in Philadelphia for the Army-Navy game. Navy won...Natch.

November 30, Gordon Robinson became the proud father of a baby girl, Nancy Ann. Her two big brothers adore her. Jean Morgan had a lineogram that she did last year in Saturday classes printed in the magizine, Arts and Activities Miss Hallam , Who wrote the article, sent the magizine to Joan, not realizing that she is now a student of MSA.

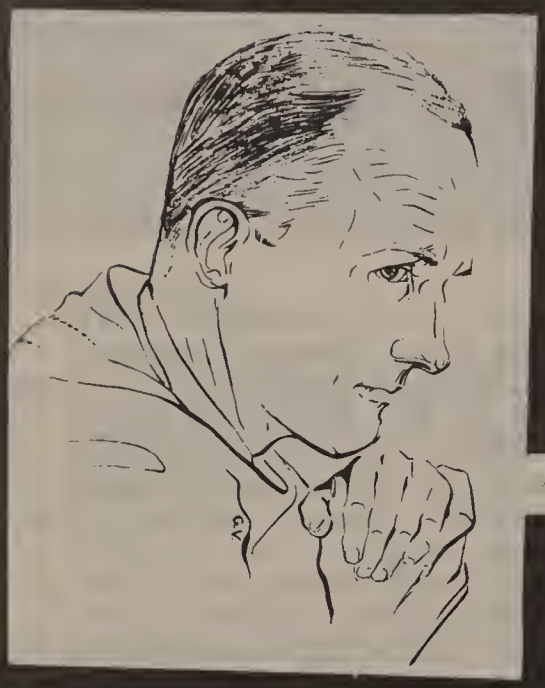
Charlotte Purrington was happy to have her brother home on leave Thanksgiving. Gil Norton and Joe Martin, freshmen, are on the MSA basketball team. This is the first team this school has had. Three freshmen also defeated three seniors in a volleyball game.

Doris Keefe finally finished her mosaic table behind the lockers. Freshman 11 has Sadie Hawkins in the class. Bob Griffith sold his mosaic table for $200.00. Congratulations...

Kathy McQuaid is teaching art to young children on Saturdays.

Blushing brides-to-be, include: Carol Lamke, Karen Bilsbury, and Lorraine Lawrence.

We freshmen want to know if Marilyn had a nice time at the Masquerade Ball.



ART, TASTE AND CRITICISM

by Dean Baird

A few thoughts on Art, Taste and Criticism left over from our Art Panel Assembly.

Directly it encounters the nebulous fringe of aesthetics, taste becomes so subject to temperments and strains that the building of any sound criteria seems at times a hopeless task. For example: A. "The straight line does not exist in Nature (even the Marine horizon is a curve). The straight line is neither graceful nor ungraceful, it is nothing; straight lines intersecting one another are either ungraceful or uninteresting. The most one can say is that the eye finds a certain satisfaction in a rectangle when the sides have a happy proportion." B. "The straight line enters into all human history, into all human aim, into every human heart. The winding road is the pack mule's way, the straight road is man's way. The winding road is the result of happy-go-lucky heedlessness, of looseness, of lack of concentration. The straight road is action and reaction, a positive deed, the result of self-mastery."

The above quotations are not selected from an Oriental and an Occidental source, as their oppositions might suggest. The first is from Roger de Felice, the second from Le Corbusier, Parisian students of practical aesthetics. Both statements are open to dispute, but it is evident that there exists in Art different maxims.

Recently there has been a great deal of stimulating controversy between the advocates of modern art and protagonists of traditional styles. Much of it is informative and helpful, but the participants almost invariably ignore the all-too-human elements that dictate their loves and hates aesthetic.

They are prepared to admit the operation of extra-aesthetic factors that enter into the artist's choice and treatment of subject. Mysticism in Redon, healthy sensuality in Renoir, the exotic strain in Gauguin, the intellectual curiosity in Picasso, and so on. They are not so ready to grant a similar deflation in matters of critical taste. Moreover a man may admit to a deficiency in native endowment when his height or weight, his hair or his teeth are in question; he is usually convinced that his natural heritage of taste is above suspicion. Yet even among critics whose tastes are equivalent in cultural value it is highly improbable that many similarities of choice will be observed.

Thus the arguments of connoisseurs and critics are likely to bedevil the question and may even retard a genuine appreiation of modern art, for the laws of aesthetics are by no means so ancient or so firmly based as those of eminent domain, and taste remains almost as subject to change as New England weather.

We sometimes forget that primarily we are explaining our own reactions and often giving insight into our own predilections rather than an impartial appraisal of a work of art. The most objective writers may overlook the important fact that taste is a very personal thing.

Even such an old stick as Sir Joshua recognized this hazard, saying in his Eighth Discourse, "A complete essay or inquiry into the connection between the rules of art and the eternal and immutable dispositions of our passions would be indeed going at once to the foundation of criticism. More than a decade ago Harvey Robinson wrote: "A whole new literature is growing up which studies the effects of our bodily secretions and our muscular tensions, and their relations to our emotions and our thinking."

Not only does there enter into this matter of appreciation the factors of native endowment, inherited and imposed ideas, racial instincts, social background, and pathological strains contribute. The whole organism, not only the intellect, partakes in some measure in the process. This at first sight seems to make the appraisal of taste a clinical affair. All that I suggest is that it is not quite so simple and demonstrable as the higher mathematics.

Voltaire's absurd estimate of Shakespeare: Samuel Johnson's low opinion of Milton; Coleridge's estimate of Gibbon; Ruskin's dislike of Whistler; and Mark Twain's gibes at Jane Austen, we may allow even good critics to indulge a bias without losing confidence in their general acumen. Being human, they, and we, are entitled to indulge a few antipathies, and there will always be unfortunate Dr. Fells sacrificed to our fits of unreason. Even the most admirably equipped will disclose blind spots in his vision. Thus Roger Fry seems to me inimitable when his critical faculties play about a Chou bronze but guilty of hyperbole when he extols a slight sketch by Rouveyre or Matisse. The critics were consistently wrong in their estimate of every new movement in the nineteenth century--wrong about Delacroix, Courbet, Monet, Manet, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Cezanne--so it is not to be expected that they will be invariably right today.

There was too much empty pomp and tiresome skill displayed in the nineteenth century. Today, in a natural reaction, we extend a welcome to sloppiness. It is a craving for the spontaneity so conspicuously absent yesterday. We forget that only skylarks have the devine faculty of pouring "the full heart in profuse strains of unpremediated art"; and that every great work arises 'de profundis".

Yet moderation in selecting one's art is even rarer than moderation in selecting one's diet, where it is possible to admit the merits of spinach without developing a passion for it. If authors can produce witty, wise, and civilized works like South Wind and The Fisherman and then scribble piffle like Forever Amber, if they write pot-boilers Mickey Spillane after creating Old Wives' Tales, it may be possible for Marini or Lipchitz to produce hack work.. It may even be excusable, but "we beware." Yet we defend the works of our idols with the irrational prejudice of parents condoning the conduct of a defective offspring. Let us use discrimination, or at least let us recollect Ben Jonson's "This side of idolatry" applied to his worship of Shakespeare.

There is no reason, except an inflexible mind, why a sincere regard for the passionate statements of Smith should displace a tender affection for Bernini. It should be possible to reserve a corner of the heart for the dreamy rusticity of Claude though the head is convinced of the honest powerful work of Picasso.

The serious student in Art must feel that this is one of themost exciting, interesting, and potentially significant ages in the history of art. There is about it an immense and potent ferment which has built up a new aesthetic.

Few conclusions are impregnable. Nevertheless, when we look at the extraordinary diversity of art today, its cosmopolitanism, its facile eclecticism, its heterogeneity, and its eager search for a new dynamic creed, it presents an exciting counterpart to the doubts assailing man's minds when they a approach the great problems in politics, economics, sociology, and ethics, which await solution if mankind is to progress. In that solution art has a very important role to play. It will hardly play it by painting obaliscues against a background of passe wallpapers or casual arrangements of bric-a-brac and fruit.

Art, like the intellect, "must have hands and feet". It must also have a purpose. Not that it should be a again subject to the moralizing role assigned to it by Diderot at the time of the French Revolution, but a little of the idealism of David, without his classic dryness.

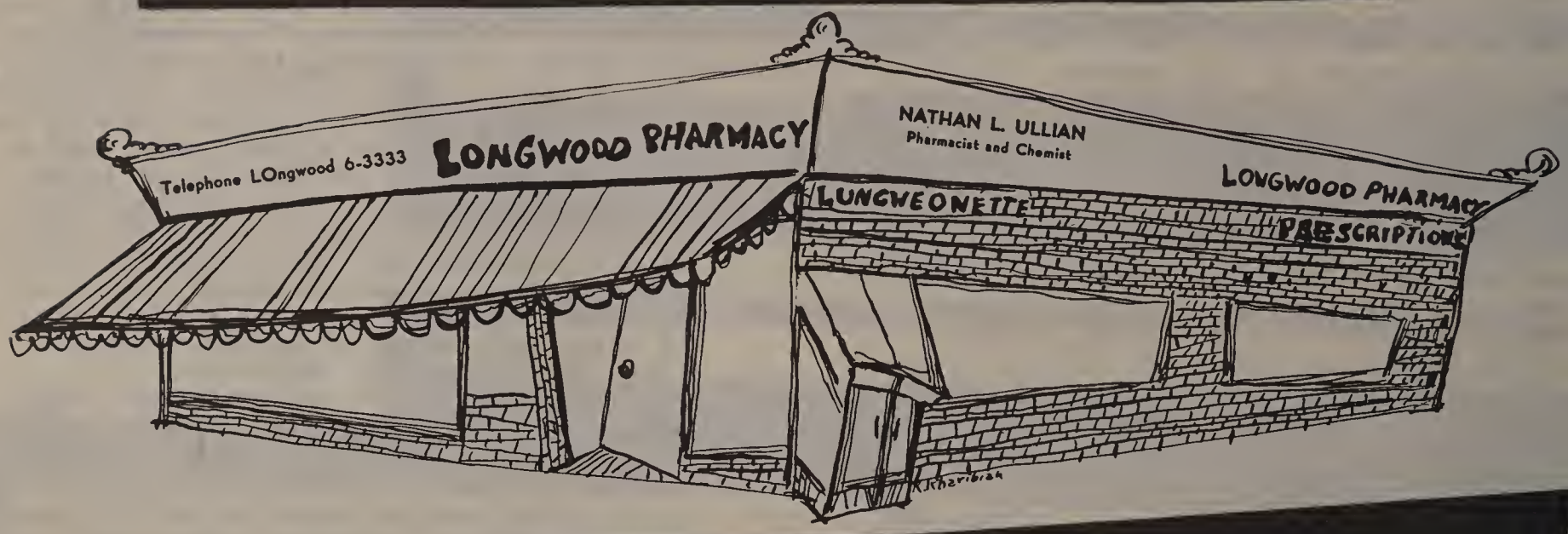
If I have wandered from the matter of critical disputes, it may be because art controversies sometimes center about relatively trivial matters--and reminds me of Dr. Johnson's refusal to estimate the relative virtues of two of our lesser fauna.

We might recollect a Platonic admonition, "You are young, my son, and time will change and even reverse many of the opinions you hold today. Refrain therefore as yet from setting yourself up as a judge of the highest affairs." And those whose opinions are all made up--that is, the majority of us--should remember another ancient quote from The Mind in the Making, "We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but we find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when any one proposes to rob us of their companionship. The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we do." But this contentious attitude assumed by pro's and anti's runs true to form.

Modern art is indubitably alive and thrives under critical attacks, and modern artists are doing a magnificent job in reestablishing aesthetic criteria in the place of ancient shibboleths about accuracy, technique, representation, style, good form, and so on. Art may still point a moral and adorn a tale, but today it must do more than that: it must use its orchestration of line and tone, form and color, in a poetic manner and tell us more about Nature than is visible to the eye--whereby you will inevitable offend those who like art to remind them of something else.

We are thankful that Art has jumped out of the old harness, At present within our College and other Colleges, Museums and the dealer's paddock, it is feeling its oats and kicking up its heels--it is our task to bridle and saddle it and contribute to its growth, meaning and direction. The task is a solumn one that demands dedication.

THE SERVICE STORE IN THE HEART OF THE MEDICAL CENTER



LONGWOOD PHARMACY
(INCORPORATED)

411 BROOKLINE AVENUE
BOSTON 15, MASS.

PHYSICIANS - SURGEONS
HOSPITAL - STUDENTS
and NURSES SUPPLIES

BIOLOGICAL PRODUCTS
and SPECIALTIES
DRUGS and CHEMICALS
DIABETIC SUPPLIES

SAD SACQUE

by Leslie Kennedy
Ruth Cohen

"When I go out in my Paris Sacque
loose in front and looser in back,
I don't feel stylish at all, in fact,
I feel drafty and kind of slack."

...Margaret Flanagan

This is an apt expression for the masses who do not understand high fashion styles.

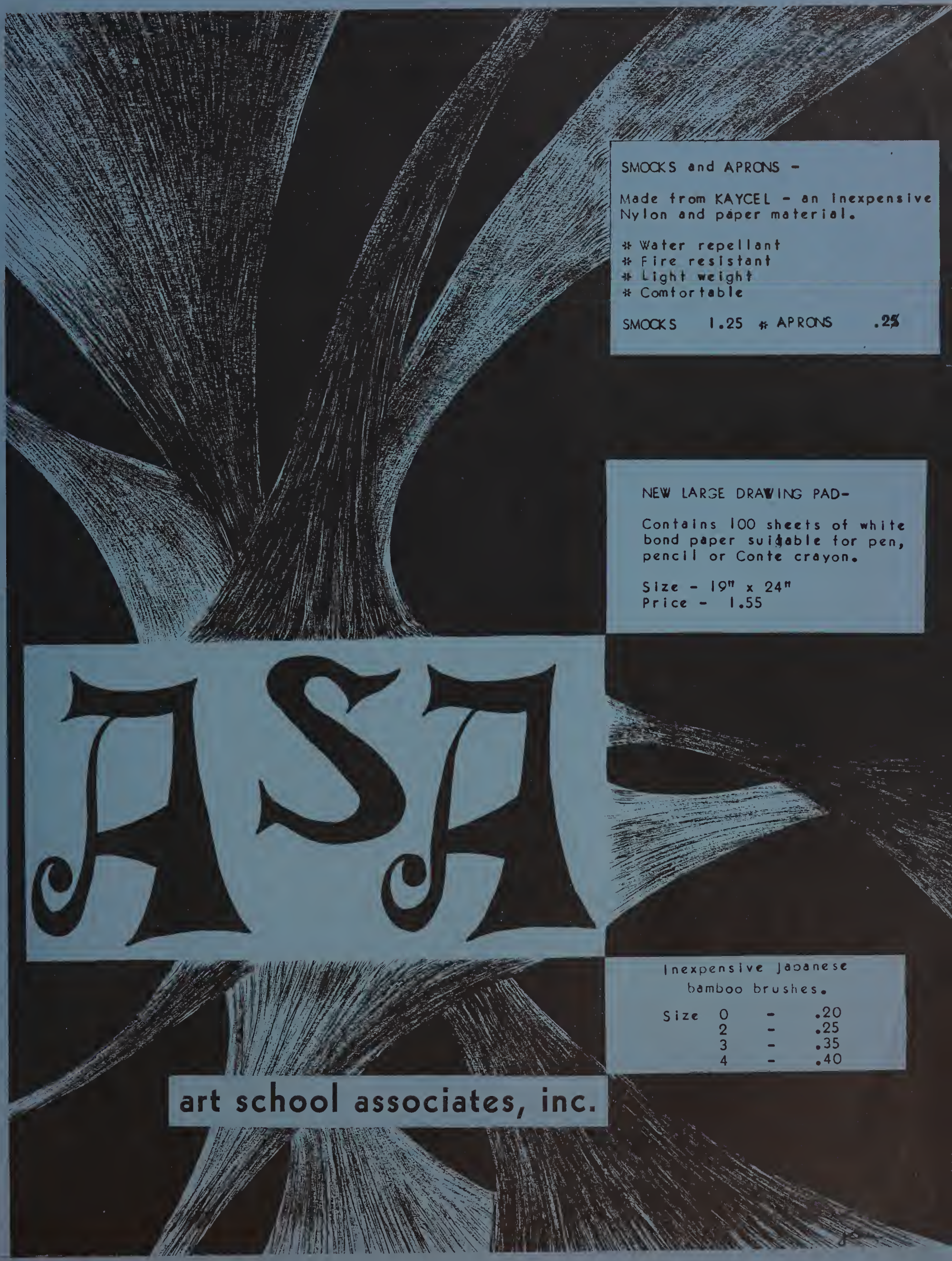
Pity the poor woman who can succesfully wear one of these creations, yet is subject to the ridicule of the afore-mentioned,,merely because she has exercised her rights as an individual.

What a drab world this would be if we all went about attired in a uniform.

Or course there are certain limitations from one extreme to another and we are aware that the saque will eventually leave the scene, but the loose fitting dress manages to appear now and then each year.

Judging from the fact that few Americans are entirely style-conscious we shall have to hold our breath and be patient while the consumer decides if our gem survives or passes on to remain a memory in the annals of fashion?

Whatever the results, please don't crowd our dress; give her air; let her live. But, if she must go, then be it so, without fanfare, to pave the way for another challenge to our individuality.



SMOCKS and APRONS -

Made from KAYCEL - an inexpensive Nylon and paper material.

* Water repellant
* Fire resistant
* Light weight
* Comfortable

SMOCKS 1.25 * APRONS .25

NEW LARGE DRAWING PAD-

Contains 100 sheets of white bond paper suitable for pen, pencil or Conte crayon.

Size - 19" x 24"
Price - 1.55

ASA

Inexpensive Japanese bamboo brushes.

Size	0	-	.20
	2	-	.25
	3	-	.35
	4	-	.40

art school associates, inc.